

১২  
৫



স্বাক্ষর

मेमर



ମେଧାବ

ଆଶିଷାଧ୍ୟାୟକ

ବ୍ରହ୍ମାନ୍ତ

୨୬ କାମ

୨୦୨୨



*[Handwritten signature]*

[illegible]

॥ श्रीगणेशाय नमः ॥

The lines in the following pages had their origin in China and Japan where the author was asked for his writings on paper - pieces of silk.

Prabindranath Tagore

Nov 1926

Salatorfűes. Hungary.



ଲେଖନ

ମୁକୁ ଆମାର ଦେଖାନ୍ତି  
ଦୀପ୍ତ ଆଲୋକ ଶିଖରୀ,  
ତୁଳ୍ଲ ଅନ୍ଧାର ନିର୍ମଳିଆ  
ଉଡ଼ିବେ ଆମାର ଶିଖରୀ ॥

*My fancies are fireflies  
speaks of living light—  
twinkling in the dark.*

ଆମାର ଚିନ୍ତନ ଧୂଳି ଧରିବେ  
ଅନିଚ୍ଛାଳେ ଧୂଳି,  
ଚଳିତ ଚଳିତ ଯେମିତି ଯାଏ ଆମ  
ଚଳିତ ଚଳିତ ଧୂଳି ॥

*The same voice murmurs  
in these desultory lines  
which is born in wayside fancies  
letting hasty glances pass by.*

ପ୍ରକାଶନି ଯାଏ ଯେନା ନା ଯାଏ,  
ବିକାଶ ଗମିତା ଯେନା,  
ସମୟ ଯାଏ ଯେନା ଅନ୍ଧେ ଆମେ ॥

*The butterfly does not count years  
but moments  
and therefore has enough time.*



ହୃଦୟ ଓ ମନର ଲୋଭେଇଁ ଡଳି ବସୁ ନାହିଁ ବାମା,  
ସୁଖାୟ ଏକାନ୍ତେ ସୁଖର ସିନ୍ଧୁ ବାମା-ମଞ୍ଚ ଉଡ଼ି ଉଠା।

In the drowsy dark caves of the mind  
dreams build their nest  
with bits of things  
dropped from day's caravan.

ଭାବି କାନ୍ଦୁ ଗୋଲେଇ ଡାକି କାନ୍ଦୁ ମାନ୍ଦାକର  
ମାଡ଼ି ଦିଡ଼ି ମିଥୁ ବସନ୍ତ ଗୋର ଆମର ଉଡ଼ି ।  
ଓଡ଼ି ଗୋର ଗୋର ଓଡ଼ି ବ'ମାନା ହାଲୁକା କାନ୍ଦୁ ମାନ  
ହାଲୁକା କୋର ଚାହିଁବା ମୁହାଁ ଚାହିଁବା ପାରି ମାନ ॥

My words that are slight  
may lightly dance upon time's wave,  
while my words heavy with import sink.

ବସନ୍ତ ମେ ଚାହିଁବା ମୁହାଁ ମାନ  
ହାଲୁକା କୋର ଚାହିଁବା ମୁହାଁ ମାନ ।  
ନାହିଁ ଓଡ଼ି ଓଡ଼ି କାନ୍ଦୁ ମାନ,  
ଓଡ଼ି କାନ୍ଦୁ ମାନ ମାନ ମାନ ॥

Spring scatters the petals of flowers  
that are not for the fruits of the future  
but for the moment's whim.

મૂર્ચ્છિત એ અમર જાગ્યા  
 કનેકાસેર હાથે ।  
 ઉડે જાગે મૂર્ચ્છિત જાગ્યા  
 મરે જાગે અમર ॥

My thoughts, like sparks,  
 ride on winged surprises  
 carrying a single laughter.

મૂર્ચ્છા હાથે જાગે ઉડે જાગે અમર,  
 મે જાગે અમર, મૂર્ચ્છાના જાગે ॥

The tree gazes in love at the beautiful shadow  
 who is his own and yet whom he never can grasp.

આમર જાગે ઈ-કિમ રેન  
 જ્યોતિર્મય મૂર્ચ્છા કિમ આમર જાગે રેન ॥

Let my love, like sunlight, surround you  
 and give you a freedom illumined.

આમર મૂર્ચ્છાવન્ન રહે અમર જાગે હાથે,  
 અમર અમર જાગે જાગે હાથે અમર જાગે ॥

Joy freed from the bond of earth's slumber  
 rushes into the leaves numberless  
 and dances in the air for a day.

ଅତଳ ଓଁବିନ୍ଦୁ ବିକା-ମାହାତା, ଶହାଦି ଓଁବିନ୍ଦୁ  
ଦିନ ମେ ଓଁବିନ୍ଦୁ ବୁଦ୍ଧମୟ ଅମିତା ଓଁବିନ୍ଦୁ ॥

Days are coloured bubbles  
that float upon the surface  
of fathomless night.

ଓଁବିନ୍ଦୁ ମାନ ଓଁବିନ୍ଦୁ ନାମ  
ମାନ ମାନ ଓଁବିନ୍ଦୁ ନାମ,  
ହାତୀର ଓଁବିନ୍ଦୁ ଓଁବିନ୍ଦୁ  
ମାନ ଓଁବିନ୍ଦୁ ନାମ ॥

My offerings are too timid  
to claim your remembrance —  
and therefore you may remember them.

ହାତୀର, ହାତୀର, ହାତୀର ଓଁବିନ୍ଦୁ ନାମ,  
ହାତୀର ହାତୀର ହାତୀର, ହାତୀର, ହାତୀର ନାମ ॥

April, like a child, writes hieroglyphics  
on dust with flowers,  
wipes them and forgets.

ହାତୀର ହାତୀର ହାତୀର ହାତୀର ହାତୀର,  
ହାତୀର ହାତୀର ହାତୀର ହାତୀର ହାତୀର ॥

From the solemn gloom of the temple  
children run out to sit in the dust.  
God watches them play and forgets the priest.

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ଆମାଟ୍ ଟନେ ହୁମେଡ୍ ଶେଢ଼କବଣୀ,  
 ଆମାଟ୍ ଟନେ ବାଡ଼ା,  
 ଦୌହାଟ୍ ଆଁମି ଚିରିନି ଦୌହେ ନିକଟେ  
 ଧାନ୍ତେ ହୁମ୍ ଧାନ୍ତା ।

White and pink oleanders meet  
 and make merry in different dialects.

ଆମାଟ୍ ଟନେ ଧାନ୍ତେ ଚିରିନି ଧାନ୍ତା,  
 ଧାନ୍ତେ ଆମାଟ୍ ଧାନ୍ତେ ଧାନ୍ତା ॥

The sky, though holding in his arms  
 his bride, the earth,  
 is ever immensely away.

ଧୂଃ ଏକାନ୍ତେ ଧାନ୍ତେ,  
 ଧୂଃ ଧାନ୍ତେ ଧାନ୍ତେ ଆମାଟ୍ ଧାନ୍ତା ॥

One who was distant came near to me  
 in the morning,  
 and came still nearer  
 when taken away by night.

ଆମାଟ୍ ଧାନ୍ତେ ଧାନ୍ତା,  
 ଧାନ୍ତେ ଏକାନ୍ତେ ଧାନ୍ତା,  
 ଧାନ୍ତେ ଧାନ୍ତେ ଧାନ୍ତେ ଧାନ୍ତା ॥

Wishing to hear a timed lamp  
great night lightens all her stars.

ଆମର ଶରୀର ଗତକାଳର ସ୍ମୃତି  
ଆମ ମନର ଭିତର  
ଗୋଟିଏକି ତ ଏହା ଏକ ସମୟର ସମୟ,  
ଏକାକି ଧାଉଁଛନ୍ତି ॥

Mind's underground moths  
grow filmy wings  
and take a farewell flight  
in the sunset sky till their hum is hushed.

ନିଆରୀ ମିତି, ମିତି  
ନିଆରୀ ମିତି,  
ନିଆରୀ ମିତି  
ବିନାଶ ।

ଆଜି ନିଆରୀ  
ନିଆରୀ ମିତି  
ନିଆରୀ ମିତି  
ବିନାଶ ॥

The lake lies low by the hill,  
a fearful entreaty of love  
at the foot of the inflexible.

ଗାମିନି ଦିଅଁ ଶେଷେ ଡଳା  
 ଡେଲେବ ଆଳା-ଢାଳା ଡଳା,  
 କିନ୍ତୁ ଧରା କିନ୍ତୁ ଆରା  
 କାନ୍ଧେବ ହେଲେ ପ୍ରକଟ ବଳା ॥

There smiles the Divine Child  
 among his playthings of unmeaning clouds  
 and ephemeral lights and shadows.

ଧର ମ ଗାମିନି,  
 କିନ୍ତୁ ମ ଗାମିନି,  
 କାଳେବ ମୁଖେ ଧୂଳି ଧୂଳି କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ  
 ଏ କିନ୍ତୁ ଗାମିନି ॥

clouds are hills in vapour,  
 hills are clouds in stone,—  
 a phantasm in time's dream.

ଗାମିନି ଗାମିନି ମୁଖେ ଦିଅଁ ଗାମିନି  
 ଗାମିନି ଗାମିନି ଦେଖାଏ,  
 ଗାମିନି ଗାମିନି ଗାମିନି ଗାମିନି  
 ଗାମିନି ଗାମିନି ଗାମିନି ॥

While God waits for his temple  
 to be built of love  
 men bring stones.

ਜਿਧਾਰੇਂ ਕਹਿਨ  
ਸਾਤੁਖਾ,

"ਤਿਆਰੇਂ ਤੇ ਕੈ  
ਸਾਤੁਖਾ।"

ਪਖਨਿ ਜਿਨਿਓ ਕਹਿਨ ਫਿਨਿਓ  
ਜਿਓਲੇਨ ਧਾਕੀ-  
ਸਾਤੁਖਾ॥

Wind tries to take flame by storm  
only to blow her out.

ਪੂਰੇ ਤੀਕੇਂ ਤੇ ਕੈ ਫਿਨਿਓ  
ਸਾਤੁਖਾ ਕੈ ਧਾਕੀ  
ਅਤਲ ਪੁਰਖੇਂ ਅਤਲੇਲੇਂ ਸਾਤੁਖਾ॥

The two separated shores mingle their voices  
in a song of unfathomed fears,

ਤਰਾਂ ਦੀਓ ਕਾਲੇਨ ਧਾਕੀ  
ਸਾਤੁਖਾ

ਸਾਤੁਖਾ ਤੇ ਕੈ ਤਰਾਂ ਦੀਓ  
ਕਮਨੁ ਕੈਲੇ॥

God among stars waits for man to light  
his lamps.

କାନ୍ଦି ଗାଉ ଗାଉ, ଧୂଳି, ଆଖି ମାରି ସମୟ ଗୋଡ଼ାଏ,  
ବିହରୁଣିଆଁ କିନ୍ତୁ ଯେମିତି ସମୟ ନାହିଁ ଗୋଡ଼ାଏ ॥

I touch God in my song  
as the far away hill touches the sea  
with its waterfall.

ନାନା ରଙ୍ଗର ଫୁଲର ସତ ଡିଆଁ କିଲେ ମଧୁର  
ସ୍ବପ୍ନ କଲେ ସତର ସ୍ବପ୍ନ କାଳର ଅଗୋରବ ॥

Dawn—the many-coloured flower—fades,  
and the sun comes out,  
the fruit of the simple white light.

ଆସିବେ କାଳର ବିହରଣିଆଁ ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର  
ଅକ୍ଷର ଗୋଟିଏ ଧୂଳି,  
ଅଧିକ ଆଲୋକ ଦିଶିବେ ଆମର  
ତାହା ଆଜି ଡେଇଁବେ ॥

Darkness is the veiled bride  
silently waiting for the errant light  
to return to her bosom.

ହେ ଆମର ଧୂଳି, ତୋରୀ ଧୂଳିର ମାଲେ  
ନା ତୋର ଡେଇଁବା ଗତି,  
ଏହି କେବଳ ତୁ ନବୀନ ପ୍ରଭାତ କାଳେ  
ଆମର ତୋର ପ୍ରତି ।  
My flower, seek not thy paradise in a fool's buttonhole



ଜୀବନ ଜୀବିତଲୋକାନ୍ତ ସୁଦୂର ମନୋହର ଗୋପାଳ ମାତା  
ଏକ ଏକେକେ ଖେଳେ ଯାଏ, ମରତ ଧାବେ ସଂଜାରତ ॥

Life's play runs fast,  
life's playthings fall behind one by one  
and are forgotten.

ଜିନିଷେ ଓଟିବେ ତୁମି ହୃଦୟର ସମୀପେ,  
ହଜିନିଗହାଏ ଏ ତୁ ଯେଉଁ ଯାଏ ଯମି ॥

Thou hast risen late, my crescent moon,  
but my night bird is still awake to greet you.

ଆକାଶେ ଓଟିବେ ଚାନ୍ଦମ ତୁତେ ନାହିଁ ଚାହିଁବେ ମୌନେ,  
ଅଶିର ତୁମି ଧୂଳିଆ ନାମୁ କେବଳ ମେ ଧୁଆଁ ଘାଟେ ॥

Breezes come from the sky,  
the anchor desperately clutches the mud,  
and my boat is beating its breast against the chain.

ଆକାଶର ନିଆ  
ଘେବେ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରମଳେ ଘାଏ ।

ଯାହାମାନେ ଓଟେ  
ହାତୁଆ ଘେବେ ହାଏ ହାଏ ॥

The blue of the sky longs for the earth's green.  
The wind between them sighs "Alas."

କୀର୍ତ୍ତେ ଦୟା କିରିଆ, ଧୂଳି,  
ମନାହ ଧୂଳିକର ।  
ଭ୍ରମ ଯେ ତାର ବିଷୟ ଧୂଳି  
କରିଲ ଧୂଳିକର ॥

Flower, have pity for the worm,  
it is not a bee,  
its love is a blunder and burden.

ଧୂଳିକର ପ୍ରଣୟ ଆକାଶିକର ଅବହନା ନୟନ,  
ଧୂଳିକର ମିଆଁ ଧୂଳି ମାର ଧୂଳି ॥

The lamp waits through the long day of neglect  
for the flame's Kiss in the night.

ଦିବ୍ କୋଡ଼ି ଅବହତ ଧୂଳି ଧୂଳିକର,  
ଆକାଶ ଯେ ତାର ଧୂଳି ଧୂଳିକର ଦିବ୍ ଧୂଳି ॥

Day's pain muffled by its own glare  
burns among stars in the night.

ଆକାଶ ଧୂଳିକର ଧୂଳିକର ଧୂଳିକର ଧୂଳିକର କିନ୍ତୁ ।  
ଧୂଳିକର ଧୂଳିକର ॥

My untuned strings beg for music  
in their anguished cry of shame.

निष्कृष्ट प्रामाण्यं निर्विद्वेषात् निर्वन्निर्द्वेषं भावं  
कथाहीनं शुद्धां प्रज्ञां प्रज्ञां वामं कर्तुं ॥

In the shady depths of life are the lonely nests  
of unutterable pains.

ଆଜ୍ଞା ଏବଂ ଅଜ୍ଞାନତା ମଧ୍ୟ ଆତ୍ମାରେ ଥାଏ,  
ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରୁଥାଏ ॥

Light accepts Darkness for his spouse  
for the sake of creation.

॥ श्रीगणेशाय नमः ॥  
 ॥ श्रीगणेशाय नमः ॥

The picture - a memory of light  
treasured by the shadow.

ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਪਰ ਪਾਤੁਨ ਆਖੁ ਫਾਰਾ  
 ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਨੇ ਤਪਸ ਮਾਨੁ ਬਾਦਰ ਸੀਰਾ ।  
 ਕੁਸੁਮ-ਫਾਸੇਂ ਸਿਨੇ ਫੇਲਿ ਅਰਥਾਂ  
 ਤਪਸ ਨੇ ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਪ੍ਰਾਪਤਿ ਅਨੁਸਾਰ ॥

In the bounteous time of roses  
love is wine.

It is food in the famished hour  
when the petals are shed.

ଦିନ ହେଉ ଲାଲ ଗଡ଼ ।  
ସୁବିଚିତ୍ତ ବର ନିଶିତ ଶୌରୀର  
ଆଦାତ ଶିବିତ୍ତ ହସଦ୍ ଦୁଃଖର  
ଦୂର ପ୍ରଜାପତ୍ତ ପାଦ-ଦିବ୍ୟ ଆମା  
ନାହିଁ ଦୁଃଖୀ ଗଡ଼ ।

Through the silent night  
I hear the knockings at my heart  
of the morning's vagrant hopes  
sadly coming back.

ଶୂନ୍ୟ-କାଳ-ଶୂନ୍ୟ-ଶୂନ୍ୟ  
ହେଉଛି ଶୂନ୍ୟ ଶୂନ୍ୟ ଶୂନ୍ୟ ॥

By the ruins of terror's triumph  
children build their dust castle.

ବନ୍ଧୁ ଶୂନ୍ୟ ଆଦାତ ଶୂନ୍ୟ  
ହେଉଛି, ଶୂନ୍ୟ ଶୂନ୍ୟ ।  
ଦୂର ଆଦାତ ପାଦ ଶୂନ୍ୟ ଶୂନ୍ୟ  
ଦୂର ଆଦାତ ପାଦ ଶୂନ୍ୟ ॥

The cloud gives all its gold  
to the departed sun  
and greets the rising moon  
with only a pale smile.

ਅਨਿਤ ਸਾਨਮ ਫੈਲਾਏ ਜੀਨ  
 ਬਠਿਯਾ ਖਾਕਾ ।  
 ਸਾਕਾਰੰਗ ਤੇਰੇ ਅਸਮਾਨਿ-  
 ਨਿਰੁ ਨਾ ਹੋਵਾ ॥

Feathers lying in the dust  
 have forgotten their sky.

ਸਾਕਾ ਹੋਣ ਦੇਣ, ਕੰਠੇ ਨਾਸ ਹੋਈ,  
 ਜਿਸ ਦੂਰ ਨਾਸ, ਜੇਹਾ !  
 ਤੂੰ ਤੇਰੇ ਆਸ-ਨਾਸ ਹੋਣ !  
 ਜਿਹਾ ਜਿਹਾ ਅਨਿਤਾਵਾ ॥

I lingered on my way  
 till thy cherry tree lost its blossoms,  
 but the azalea brings to me, my love,  
 thy forgiveness.

ਯਾਦ ਅਖਿਰ ਸਾਨਮ ਹੋਮੁਸਰਨ  
 ਤੂੰ ਆਕੇ ਫੈਲਿ ਫੁਲੇ ।  
 ਚਲ ਪਰ ਪਰ, ਰਸਨੁ ਅਸੀਰਨੇ  
 ਹੋਮੁ ਤੇਰੇ ਫੁਲੇ ॥

The shy little pomegranate bud,  
 flushing today behind her veil,  
 will burst into a passionate flower  
 tomorrow when I am away.

ହେ ସହସ୍ରାକାର ବିମାଦର ଲୋଭ ଦିଅ  
 ଭୁଲାଇ ଚାହିଁବି କିଛି ସାବରାହିଁ ।  
 ବିଚିତ୍ର ତୋହାର ଧାରୁଣ ଶ୍ରୀମନ ଗଂଗୀ  
 ହୁଏତ ମୋର ମାଧ୍ୟ ଗାନ୍ଧାରୀ ଗଂଗୀ ॥

The sea of danger, doubt and denial  
 around men's little island of certainty  
 challenges him across into the unknown.

ଗଗନ ଗଗନ ନର ନର ଦିନା ନର  
 ନର ସ୍ତ୍ରୀର କାଳ କୃତ କର ନର ॥

The same sun is newly born in new lands  
 in a ring of endless dawns.

ଗୋନାହିଁ ମୋ ଶୁଣି ଶୁଣି ଶୁଣି ଶୁଣି,  
 ଶୁଣିବା ଆଶାରେ ଶୁଣି ଶୁଣି ॥

The glow worm while exploring the dust  
 never knows that the stars are in the sky.

ଧର ଧର ଧର  
 ଧର ଧର ଧର ଧର ଧର ।  
 ଧର ଧର ଧର ଧର ଧର ॥

God honours me when I work,  
 he loves me when I sing.

ଏକଟି ଫୁଲ ଦାନି  
 ଏକେକିନ୍ନୁ ଦିବ ଦାନି,  
 ହାଏ ଡୁଲି ତାତ ଅସନ୍ତ ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରାକ୍ଷ,  
 ଧତ, ଓହ୍ନି ଧତ ଡୁଲି ॥

I came to offer thee a flower,  
 but Thou must have all my garden.  
 It is Thine.

ବସନ୍ତ, ଡୁଲି ଏକାକି ସେବାସ  
 ଡୁଲି ହେଲ ନାହିଁ ଡୁଲି ।  
 ଏକେ ଧନି ତାତ ଜୀବି ମାୟାସ  
 ଏକଟି ଫୁଲେଇ ଡୁଲି ॥

Spring in pity for the desolate branch  
 left one fluttering kiss in a solitary leaf.

ଗାନ୍ଧୀୟା ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧାତ ଚାରିବ ନୟନ  
 ଗାନ୍ଧୀୟା ଡୁଲି ଡୁଲି ।  
 " ଗାନ୍ଧୀୟା ଡୁଲି ଡୁଲି ଡୁଲି "

While the Rose said to the Sun  
 "I shall ever remember thee"  
 her petals fell to the dust.

ଆହାମ୍ଭା ତୋ ଆସି ବାସି ନାହିଁ, କାନ୍ଦ  
ଡ଼ିଙ୍ଗିବାଟ ଡ଼ିଙ୍ଗିହାମି ।  
ତୁ, ଡ଼ିଙ୍ଗିନୁଁ ଏହି ଘାଟ ଡ଼ିଙ୍ଗିହାମି ॥

I leave no trace of wings in the air,  
but I am glad I had my flight.

ନାହୁଁ କି ହାତ ବଳେ ତଳେ  
ଆଲୋକ ~~ହାତ~~ ଆଲୋକାମି ।

ମାତା ମୋ ହାତ ଧରିଲେ ମୋ,  
ଧୂଳି ତ ମୋ ହାତେ ହାମି ॥

The shy shadow in the garden  
loves the sun in silence.  
Flowers guess the secret and smile,  
while the leaves whisper.

ଆହାମ୍ଭା ତୋ ଆସି ବାସି ନାହିଁ  
ଡ଼ିଙ୍ଗିବାଟ ଡ଼ିଙ୍ଗିହାମି ।  
ତୁ, ଡ଼ିଙ୍ଗିନୁଁ ଏହି ଘାଟ ଡ଼ିଙ୍ଗିହାମି ॥

God watches with the same smile  
the single night of a firefly  
as the age-long nights of a star.



ହୁଆଁଆ ପଦିବା ଥିଲେ ମହାପ୍ରଭୁ ଯିବି  
ତୁ ବିନି ଧରିଆମ୍ ଅବିଚଳ ଗିରି ॥

The mountain remains unmoved  
at its seeming defeat by the mist..

ମହାପ୍ରଭୁ ଆମାମ୍ ମାଲ ଯାହା ନା କହେବା,  
ଆମାମ୍ ନାମି ତା ସେବିବି ଯୁକ୍ତିତ ହୁଅନ୍ତା ॥

Hills are the silent cry of the earth  
for the unreachable.

ଅବିନି ଧୁଳି ଦିଅନ୍ତିନି, ହାଏ,  
କାନ୍ଦି ଦିନି ଯାହା ତା ॥

ତୁ, ଧୁଳି, ହାମିଆ ତାମା  
କବିନୁ ନାମାମ୍ ॥

Though the thorn pricked me in thy flower  
O Beauty,  
I am grateful.

ହେ ବନ୍ଧୁ, କେନା ମାତ୍ର ଧାମାମା,  
କେନା ମାତ୍ର ନାହିଁ ତା ॥  
ଆମାମ୍ ମାତ୍ର ଆମାମ୍ ହୁଅନ୍ତା ॥

Let not my love be a burden on you, my friend,  
Know that it pays itself.

મન્ય એક સમય નહ, વહાલો પાલિ હોય ।  
 દુઃખિનીન આલસભિ રિદલેવર હોય ॥

*The world ever knows*

*that the few are more than the many.*

મંત્રી-પદ સદા ભાલ ચિદામી  
 ભોલેવર હોય હોય હોય હોય ॥

*Truth smiles in beauty when she beholds her face  
 in a perfect mirror.*

અમિ હોય ભાલ પૂન્યભિ પૂન્ય હોય  
 ના-હોય ભાલ પૂન્યભિ પૂન્ય હોય ॥

*I see an unseen kiss from the sky  
 in its response in my rose.*

પૂન્ય ભાલ પૂન્ય હોય હોય,  
 પૂન્ય ભાલ પૂન્ય હોય હોય ॥

*In the swelling pride of itself  
 the bubble doubts the truth of the sea  
 and laughs and bursts into emptiness.*

विह्वल प्रदीप क्षुब्ध दिग्भङ्गति  
मिलत भुक्ति विमुक्तिशिव गति ॥

Thou hast left thy memory as a flame  
to my lonely lamp of separation.

मेघदंभ विनाश कर  
अंशु संशयलस ।  
बुलबुल बुकि विमोहे जग  
मृग मिनाटक ॥

My clouds sorrowing in the dark  
forget that they themselves  
have hidden the sun.

जिह्वारस धार जग "मातृ" रसि दंष्टरस दस्ता  
मानुष महमा मय समनार अक्षयिस्ता ॥

Man discovers his own wealth  
when God comes to ask gifts of him.

गुनीर नामीर रसि जग नरनार ।  
रसि नामीर गुनीर विरारु मार ॥

The reed waits for his Master's breath,  
Master goes seeking for his reed.

ସିଂହ ଲଘିନ ପ୍ରଥମ କାଶିନ  
 ହୁମୁସବନ  
 ଲଘିନ ଶମାନ୍ ଅମାର ମାତର  
 ସିଂହନ ॥

The first flower that blossomed on this earth  
 was an invitation to me to sing.

ସିଂହୀର ସ୍ୱାଧୀନ ଅନ୍ତରାଳ  
 ସିଂହୀର ମରାଜିକ କାହାନ୍ତି ସିଂହ ॥

The world suffers most from the disinterested  
 tyranny of its well-wisher.

ସିଂହ ଅନ୍ତରାଳ ମରାଜିକ ମରାଜିକ  
 ସିଂହ ଅନ୍ତରାଳ ମରାଜିକ ମରାଜିକ ॥

The world is the ever changing foam  
 that floats on the surface of a sea of silence.

ସିଂହ ଅନ୍ତରାଳ ମରାଜିକ ମରାଜିକ  
 ସିଂହ ଅନ୍ତରାଳ ମରାଜିକ ମରାଜିକ ॥

We gain freedom when we have paid  
 the full price for our right to live.

ଲୌହୀୟ ଶକ୍ତି ଅନ୍ୟତ୍ର ଲାଗିବେ ଶକ୍ତିହୀନ ହେବେ,  
କାରଣ ଶକ୍ତିକୁ ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତି ହେବ ନାହିଁ ॥

The clumsiness of power spoils the key  
and uses the pickaxe.

ଶକ୍ତି ଅନ୍ୟତ୍ର ଲାଗିବେ ଶକ୍ତିହୀନ ହେବେ  
କାରଣ ଶକ୍ତିକୁ ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତି ହେବ ନାହିଁ ॥

ଶକ୍ତି ଅନ୍ୟତ୍ର ଲାଗିବେ ଶକ୍ତିହୀନ ହେବେ  
କାରଣ ଶକ୍ତିକୁ ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତି ହେବ ନାହିଁ ॥

Birth is from the mystery of night  
into the greater mystery of day.

ଜନ୍ମ ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତିର  
ଜନ୍ମ ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତିର  
ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତିର ॥

Migratory songs from my heart are on wings  
seeking their nests in love's voice in thee.

ସ୍ଥାନାନ୍ତରୀୟ ଗୀତଗୁଡ଼ିକ ମୋର ହୃଦୟରୁ  
ଆସୁଛନ୍ତି ଏବଂ ସେମାନେ ଆସୁଛନ୍ତି  
ମୋର ଶରୀରରୁ ମୋର ଶରୀରରୁ  
ତେଜସ୍ବି ତେଜସ୍ବି ଆସୁଛନ୍ତି ମୋର ଶରୀରରୁ ॥

Four moments' careless gifts,  
like the meteors of an autumn night  
catch fire in the depth of my being.

କ୍ଷଣ କାଳକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ  
ବହୁଧା ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ଦିବସ ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ଦିବସ ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ଦିବସ ॥

My paper boats sail away in play  
with the burden of my idle hours.

ଅକ୍ଷୟ ମଧ୍ୟ ଅକ୍ଷୟ ଅକ୍ଷୟ ମଧ୍ୟ ଅକ୍ଷୟ ଅକ୍ଷୟ ଅକ୍ଷୟ  
କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ

ଆମର ମୁଖେ ହୁଏ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ  
କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ ॥

Spring hesitates at winter's door,  
but the flower ~~the~~ quickly runs out to him  
and meets her doom.

ହେ ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ, ମହାମାୟା ହୁଅନ୍ତି ଏକ ଅଭିମାନ ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ,  
କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ

ହେ ମାୟା, ହୁଅନ୍ତି କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ  
କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ ॥

Love punishes when it forgives  
and the injured beauty by its awful silence.

କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣକ୍ଷଣ  
ଅକ୍ଷୟ ଅକ୍ଷୟ ଅକ୍ଷୟ ଅକ୍ଷୟ ଅକ୍ଷୟ ଅକ୍ଷୟ ଅକ୍ଷୟ ॥

God's world is ever renewed by death  
a Titan's ever crushed by its own existence.

ହେଉ ଖରାପ ଆତ୍ମନିକ, ସୁଖ ମେହି ଏହି ସୁଖଦନ,  
ଆଦିବ ସିନ୍ଧୁ ନଦୀ ମେହି ଆମ ବଞ୍ଚିତା ଚରଣ ॥

The tree is of today, the flower is old.  
She brings with her the message  
of the immemorial seed.

ହେଉ ଶ୍ରାବଣ ଶୁଭେ ଶୁଭେ ସାର୍ବ ସୁଖ ଆନନ୍ଦ ମାତ୍ର  
ସୁଖାନ୍ତ ଶ୍ରାବଣେ ସିନ୍ଧୁ ନଦୀ ନଦୀ ଶ୍ରୀ ଶ୍ରୀ ଶ୍ରୀ ॥

My love of today finds herself homeless  
in the deserted nest of the yesterday's love.

ଆଜି ତିନିଟି ମୋ ମୋ ପ୍ରାଣେ ଆଜି  
ତିନି ସୁଖଦନ ଏକଟି ତିନିଟି ବାଣୀ ॥

Each rose that comes brings me greetings  
from the Rose of an eternal spring.

ହୁଏତ ଆମ୍ଭେ ଶ୍ରୀ ଶ୍ରୀ ଶ୍ରୀ ଶ୍ରୀ ଶ୍ରୀ ଶ୍ରୀ  
ଶ୍ରୀ ଶ୍ରୀ ଶ୍ରୀ ଶ୍ରୀ ଶ୍ରୀ ଶ୍ରୀ ॥

The fire of pain traces for my soul,  
a luminous path across her sorrow.

କେବେ ଧରେ ଧାଃ ଏକା ହୁଏ  
 ଆକାଶର ନୀଳିଆର ବାଟ ଘୋରା ଧାଉଁଛି ଝୁଲୁ ଝୁଲୁ ।  
 ଟାମ ଟାମ ବାଜାମ ବାଜାମ  
 ଚଳାଉ ଆଧାମ ବାଟ ବିହରିଆ ଡିଃ ଶାମ ଶାମ ॥

Since thou hast vanished from my reach  
 I feel that the sky carries an impalpable touch  
 in its blueness,  
 and the wind the invisible image of a movement  
 among the restless grass.

ହୁଏ ଧରେ ଧାଉଁଛି ଧାଉଁଛି ଧାଉଁଛି  
 ଧାଉଁଛି ଧାଉଁଛି ଧାଉଁଛି ଧାଉଁଛି ଧାଉଁଛି ॥

Dawn plays her lute before the gate of darkness  
 till the sun comes out and sees her vanish.

ସାମିର ଚାନ୍ଦି ଧାଉଁଛି ଧାଉଁଛି  
 ଧାଉଁଛି ଧାଉଁଛି ଧାଉଁଛି ଧାଉଁଛି ॥

The dewdrop kisses the sun only within its own tiny orb.

ଧାଉଁଛି ଧାଉଁଛି ଧାଉଁଛି ଧାଉଁଛି  
 ଧାଉଁଛି ଧାଉଁଛି ଧାଉଁଛି ଧାଉଁଛି ॥

The desert is imprisoned in the wall  
 of its unbounded barrenness.



ସୂକ୍ଷ୍ମ ଧୂଆଁ ଅଗ୍ନି ହୃଦୟର ମିଳନ ଶବ୍ଦ ଶୁଣ;  
ସୁନ୍ଦର ହୃଦୟ ଶୁଣ ଶୁଣ ॥  
The earth's sacrificial fire flames up in her trees  
scattering sparks in flowers.

ଧୂଆଁରେ ଦିଗନ୍ତର ସମ୍ଭାଷଣ  
ଆକାଶ ଧୂଆଁର ଜଳେ ନାହିଁ ଅବଶ୍ୟକ କଥାମାନ ॥

The sky tells its beads all night  
on the countless stars  
in memory of the sun.

ଦିନେ ଦିନେ ମାତ୍ର କର୍ମ ଆମର ଦିନେ ସମ୍ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ସମ୍ପାଦନ ।  
ମୃତ୍ୟୁରେ ଆମର କର୍ମ ଦିଗନ୍ତର ସମ୍ଭାଷଣ ଶବ୍ଦ ॥

My work is rewarded in daily wages,  
I wait for my own final value in love.

କର୍ମ ଆମର ଦିନେ ସମ୍ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ସମ୍ପାଦନେ ପାରିବା ବାକି ।  
ମୃତ୍ୟୁରେ ଆମର ସମ୍ଭାଷଣ ଶବ୍ଦ ଶୁଣ ଶୁଣ ବାକି ॥

ଆଲୋକର ମାତ୍ର ମେଳ ଅନ୍ଧାରର ଅନ୍ଧାର,  
ମେଳ ନା ହୁଏନା ॥

The darkness of night is in harmony with day, —  
the morning of mist discordant

ଜିନିଷ ଆଜ୍ଞାହୀନ ମନିଷ କହିବ ଡର କାହିଁ—  
 "ମନେ ମନେ, କିଛି, ମନେ ମନେ କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ?"

An unknown flower in a strange land  
 speaks to the post:  
 "Are we not of the same soil, my lover?"

ସୁନ୍ଦର-ମନେ ଥିବି ତୋର  
 ମନେ ମନେ କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ ।  
 ଥିବି ତୋର ମନେ ମନେ କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ  
 ଥିବି ତୋର ମନେ ମନେ କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ ॥

The worm thinks it strange and foolish  
 that man does not eat his books.

କାହାଣୀ କି କି କି କି କି କି କି କି କି କି କି ?  
 କି କି କି କି କି କି କି କି କି କି କି କି କି !

The greed for fruit misses the flower.

ମନେ ମନେ ମନେ ମନେ ମନେ ମନେ ମନେ  
 ମନେ ମନେ ମନେ ମନେ ମନେ ମନେ ମନେ ॥

The clouded sky today bears the vision  
 of a divine shadow of sadness  
 on the forehead of brooding eternity.

ਸ੍ਰੀਮਤਿਸ੍ਰੀ ਭਗਵਤੀ ਕਾਤੀਬਾ ਰਾਜਾ ਦੇਵ ਸਾਹਿਬਜ਼ਾਦਾ ਪੰਨਾ,  
ਸ਼੍ਰੀਮਤਿ ਰਾਜਾ ਦੇਵ ਸਾਹਿਬਜ਼ਾਦਾ ਪੰਨਾ ॥

Flushed with the glow of sunset  
earth seems like a ripe fruit  
ready to be harvested by night.

प्रकाशित मार्ग प्रवर्तमान

ਪਾਨਾਸਮਿਥਾਏ ਅਮਲੇਏ ।

महाराज महाराज महाराज

মুখী মুখী মুখী ~~মুখী~~ মুখী ॥

The butterfly has the leisure  
to love the lotus,  
not the bee busily storing honey.

ਸਮੁੱਚੇ ਪ੍ਰਦੇਸ਼ ਦੇ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਦੇ ਹਿੱਸੇ

എന്നുവെച്ചപ്പോൾ

ਅਨੁ ਸਿਰਿਆ ਹੋਸੀ ਕਾਫ਼ ਲਾ ਆਫ਼ ॥

The mist weaves her net round the morning  
captivates him and makes him blind.

ਸੁਭਾਸ਼ ਮਾਨ ਕਾਰ      ਸੁਭੀ-ਭਾ ਮੋਰ ਤਰ

ଅକଳେଷ ଆତ୍ମା ।

કોઈ જણ, "અંભાર, મરે અંભાર ॥"

The morning star whispers to Dawn:

"Tell me that you are only for me."

"Yes," she answers, "and also  
only for that nameless flower."

ଅମିତ ଅମିତ ସୁଖ ଅମିତ ଅମିତ,

ହେଉ ନାହିଁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ

ଅମିତ ହେଉ ଅମିତ ॥

The ~~earth~~ sky remains infinitely vacant  
for earth to build there its heaven  
with dreams.

ସୁଖକାଳି ସୁଖକାଳି ନାହିଁ ସୁଖ, ନାହିଁ କିନ୍ତୁ ନାହିଁ,  
ସୁଖକାଳି ସୁଖକାଳି କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ  
ସୁଖକାଳି ସୁଖକାଳି କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ  
ସୁଖକାଳି ସୁଖକାଳି କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ॥

Beauty smiles in the confinement of the bud,  
in the heart of a sweet incompleteness.

ସୁଖକାଳି ସୁଖକାଳି,

ସୁଖକାଳି ସୁଖକାଳି କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ

ସୁଖକାଳି କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ॥

Leaves are masses of silence  
round flowers which are their words.

ଦିନର ଅନ୍ଧାର ମଧ୍ୟାହ୍ନ ଅନ୍ଧାର କାର ତର  
ତାର ତାର ମାନବିୟତା ॥

Let the evening forgive the mistakes of the day  
and thus win peace for herself.

ଅନ୍ଧାରମୟେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଅନ୍ଧାର ତର ।  
କାନ୍ତି ମୁଁ ଚାହେଁ ନାହିଁ ମାନବିୟତା ॥

Love attracts and unites,  
Power binds with chains.

ମହାଶକ୍ତି  
ବନ୍ଧନକାରୀ ।

କେମିତି ବିଚାର  
ଅଧ୍ୟାତ୍ମିକତା ॥

The tree bears its thousand years  
as one large majestic moment.

ମନେ ପାରିବି ମନେ ଚିନ୍ତା ନା,  
ମନେ ଦୁଃଖ ମନେ ମୋର ମୋର ॥

My offerings are not for the temple,  
at the end of the road,  
but for the wayside shrines  
that surprise me at every bend.

ଅଜାଣା ଧୂଳିର ଗାନ୍ଧିର ଖବର  
 ତାହାର ହାସିର, ଲୁହ,  
 ଖରା, ଧୂଳି, କି ଅବିଚ୍ଛିନ୍ନୀୟ ॥

Your smile, love,  
 like the smell of a strange flower,  
 seems simple  
 and yet inexplicable.

ହୃଦୟ ଧରି ଶବ୍ଦର ସିନ୍ଧୁ ଧୂଳି,  
 ଧରଣର କି ଧୂଳି ଧରି ଧରି ଧୂଳି ॥

Death laughs when we exaggerate  
 the merit of the dead,  
 for it swells his store  
 with more than he can claim.

ଆଜିର ଜୀବି ଆଜିର ଶବ୍ଦର ସିନ୍ଧୁ  
 ଶବ୍ଦର ଧୂଳି ଧରି ଧରି ଧୂଳି ॥

The sigh of the shore follows in vain  
 the breeze that hastens the ship  
 across the sea.

ଅଜ୍ଞାନର ସୂଚକ ଆଜିର ଧୂଳିର ଧୂଳି ॥

Truth loves its limits,  
for there she meets the beautiful.

નરેશ્વર દુહા જણે નવ નર મુદ્ધરેનું નામ,  
આતુર મુદ્ધરેનું નામુરે ડાહ્યું માટે માટે ।  
ઝંજારે અમર દુહા, લે જોડે, આમરે અમરે માટે,  
જિહ્વે મૂલેનું ડાહ્યું, કાન ડાહ્યું, આમરે જિહ્વે ॥

The Eternal Dance dances  
in the flower in spring,  
in the harvest in autumn,  
in thy limbs, my child,  
in thy thoughts and dreams.

દિન રાત્રી આ આમરે જિહ્વે  
નિરંજન આમરે જિહ્વે —  
જિહ્વેનું મૂલેનું ડાહ્યું ॥

Day offers to the silence of stars  
his golden lute to be tuned  
for the endless light.

ડાહ્યું આમરે જિહ્વે  
જિહ્વેનું મૂલેનું ડાહ્યું "આમરે" જિહ્વે ॥  
Faith is the bird that feels the light  
and sings when the dawn is still dark.

ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟା ଦିନର ମାତ୍ର ବିକ୍ରି ହେଲା ଖଲି ଖଲି ଗାଢ଼  
 ନୟନର ମାତ୍ର ନୟନ ଶାନ୍ତ ଗାଢ଼ ।

~~ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟା ଦିନର ମାତ୍ର ବିକ୍ରି ହେଲା ଖଲି ଖଲି ଗାଢ଼~~  
 ଗାଢ଼ ଗାଢ଼ ଅନ୍ଧକାର ଶିତ ଶାନ୍ତ ମୁନ ଶାନ୍ତ ଦିଅ  
 ପ୍ରକାଶର ନବୀନ ଅନ୍ଧକାର ॥

The day's cup that I have emptied  
 I bring to thee, Night,  
 to be cleaned with thy cool darkness  
 for a new morning's festival.

ଦିନର କାନ୍ଥ ଗାଢ଼ ଗାଢ଼ ଗାଢ଼  
 ମାତ୍ର ନୟନ,  
 ଗାଢ଼ ଗାଢ଼ ମାତ୍ର ମାତ୍ର  
 ମାତ୍ର ଗାଢ଼ ॥

Let my love feel its strength  
 in the service of day,  
 its peace in the union of night.

ଆସନ୍ତୁ କୁଳ ମାତ୍ର ଗାଢ଼  
 ଦିନର ଆନନ୍ଦ ଗାଢ଼  
 ମାତ୍ର ଗାଢ଼ ମାତ୍ର ମାତ୍ର  
 ମାତ୍ର ଗାଢ଼ ମାତ୍ର ॥

Stars of night are the memorials for me  
 of my day's faded flowers.



ਧਰਤੀ ਪਾ' ਦੇ ਪਾਸੇ, ਭਾਰ  
ਨਾ ਸਿੱਕਾ ਪ੍ਰਾਪਤ ਹੋਵੇ  
ਭਾਰਤੀ ਸਾਗਰ ਸਿੰਘਾਨੇ ਚੜ੍ਹੇ  
ਭਾਰਤ-ਭਾਗਵਾਨ ॥

Open thy door to that which must go,  
for the door becomes unseemly when  
obstructed.

ਸਾਗਰ ਦੇ ਖਾਨੇ ਖਾਨੇ ਰਹਿਣਾ  
ਭੀਰ ਦੇ ਤੇਜ਼-ਤੋੜੀ:  
"ਭਾਗੇ ਤੇ ਪਾ ਰਹਿਣੇ ਦੇ  
ਭਾਗੇ ਲਿਖੇ ਮਾਫ਼ ਹੋਵੇ।"

ਸਾਗਰ ਦੇ ਖਾਨੇ ਦੇ-ਅਭਾਗ  
ਭਾਰਤ ਦੇ ਖਾਨੇ ਦੇ  
ਭਾਰਤ-ਭਾਗਵਾਨ ਦੇ  
ਭਾਰਤ-ਭਾਗਵਾਨ ॥

The shore whispers to the sea:  
"Write to me what thy waves struggles  
to say."

The sea writes in foam again and again  
and wipes off the lines  
in a boisterous despair.

પૂજાના માલક પાં કિંહુ દિન  
કિંહુનાલય રેવ  
રૂઝન, રૂઝિ અવાફે જાઈ  
જાંચિયા અરુમ ॥

My new love comes bringing to me  
the eternal wealth of the old.

ધિનન નિમીષે રેવની અરિહ  
જાંચિયા અરુમ અવા,  
જાંચિયા અવા નાઈ, મુરૂ મુરૂ જાંચિયા રામા ॥

The earth gazes at the moon and wonders  
that he should have all his music  
in his smile.

મુરૂ રાજી અવાફે ના મિના અવા અવા  
જાંચિયા અવાફે અવાફે અવાફે ॥

The centre is still and silent  
in the heart of an eternal dance  
of circles.

ધિનન દીપ મુરૂ અવાફે અવા  
જાંચિયા અવાફે અવાફે ॥

The judge thinks that he is just  
when he compares the oil of another's lamp  
with the light of his own.

ମିତ୍ର ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତ ନିମିତ୍ତ ହେଲେ, ତାହା  
ଆଉ ତାହା ଚଳେ ଚାଲେ ।  
ସମାପ୍ତ ଏହି କବିତା ଶିଳ୍ପ  
କବିତା ତାହା ଚାଲେ ॥

Its store of snow is the hill's own burden,  
its outpouring of streams  
is borne by all the world.

କାହା- ସମସ୍ତେ ଆମେ-ସମସ୍ତେ  
ଭାବେ-କାହା  
କାହା- ମୋ ଦେଖିବେ ମୋ  
ମୋ ଦେଖିବେ ॥

Let your love see me  
even through the barrier of nearness.

ତୁମେ ମୋ ଦେଖିବେ ମୋ ଦେଖିବେ —  
"ମୁଁ ମୋ ଦେଖିବେ ।"

I hear the prayer to the sun  
from the myriad buds in the forest:  
"Open our eyes."

કેવલ યોગિનિ જલ સ્વી રસ ભ-આનન્દ આહ  
 સ્વિભાગ રસ પ્રભા રસ મલ પ્રભાવર આનંદ।  
 ગગામ મુક્તિનિ મલ મુક્તિ ભાષા મનિસ મંદિત,  
 વિમુક્ત આનંદ મુક્ત મલ વિભા આનંદ નાનિત ॥

ભાષા ભાષામલ ભાષા ભા  
 મુક્તિ ભાષા મલ મુક્તિનિ મલ  
 મલ ભાષા ભાષા ભાષા મુક્તિ ભાષા  
 મુક્તિ ભાષા ભાષામલ મુક્તિ ભાષા ॥

વિભા આનંદ મલ મુક્તિ મલ  
 મલ મલ મલ  
 આનંદ મલ મલ મલ મલ મલ  
 મલ મલ મલ  
 આનંદ મલ મલ મલ મલ મલ  
 મલ મલ મલ મલ મલ મલ ॥

મુક્તિ મલ મલ મલ  
 મલ મલ મલ મલ  
 મલ મલ મલ મલ  
 મલ મલ મલ મલ  
 મલ મલ મલ મલ ॥

ଜୀବନ ଧାରାରେ ଆବଦ୍ଧ ହୋଇ  
ଅସ୍ଥିତ ହେବା ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଧାରା ।  
ଆଦର ମାତର ଶିଖର ଦିନ  
ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ କିରୀଟ ଧାରା ଧାର ।  
ଅସ୍ଥିତ ଧାରାରେ ଧାରାରେ  
ହୃଦୟ ଆଦର ହୃଦୟ,  
ଅସ୍ଥିତ ହୃଦୟ ଦେହାନ୍ତ  
ଅସ୍ଥିତ ଧାରାରେ ଧାରାରେ ॥

ଧାରାରେ ଧାରାରେ ଅସ୍ଥିତ ଧାରା  
ଅସ୍ଥିତ ଧାରାରେ ଧାରା,  
ଅସ୍ଥିତ ଧାରାରେ ଧାରାରେ ଧାରା  
ଆଦର ହୃଦୟ ଧାରା ॥

ଧାରାରେ ଧାରାରେ ଧାରାରେ ଧାରା  
ଅସ୍ଥିତ ହୃଦୟ ଧାରାରେ ଧାରା ॥

ଧାରାରେ ଧାରାରେ ଧାରାରେ ଧାରା  
ଅସ୍ଥିତ ଧାରାରେ ଧାରା ।  
ଧାରାରେ ଧାରାରେ ଧାରାରେ ଧାରା  
ଅସ୍ଥିତ ଧାରାରେ ଧାରାରେ  
ଧାରାରେ ଧାରାରେ ଧାରାରେ ॥

ਸਭਾਰ ਪ੍ਰਦੀਪ ਘੋਰ ਨਾਇਕ ਅਭਾਰ  
ਰਾਜ ਨਰਾਇਣਾਰ ॥

ନିମିଷେଷେ ମାୟା ମାୟା କରତେ ଦୁର୍ଲ୍ଲଭ-ସୁଚିତ୍ତ  
 ବିମୋଚିତ ମିଳାଏ, - ତୁ ନିମିଷେଷେ ମାୟା-ସୁଚିତ୍ତ  
 ନୁହେଁ ତାହା ଚିତ୍ତାନ୍ତର; ମନିଆରୀ ଗୋପେଶ୍ଵରୀ ମାୟା  
 ଗାଢ଼ି, ତୁ ନାହିଁ ଗାଢ଼ି, ବିକ୍ରମାୟା ପ୍ରତିପାଦ୍ୟା ମାୟା ॥

ਸਿਰਿ ਮਨਾਹੁ ਸਾਹਿਬੁ ਨਿਰਾਨਾਨਾ ਹਰਮ  
ਮਿਟੈਰਾ ਭਾਗੁ ਪੁਕਿਰਿ ਸਾਹਿਬੁ ਹਰਮ ॥

କଟକ - ସତ୍ୟ ଧର୍ମ ଆନ୍ଦୋଳନ ଯାଏ ଗଲେ -  
 ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ଆଖି ଖୋଲି ଦିଆଯିବ ॥

वसन्तः शरत्, शरत्-वसन्तः  
 गच्छति कुत्र ?  
 नगद्वारं गच्छति कुत्र ?  
 उद्योगं गच्छति ॥

ਆਗਾ, ਤੇ ਆਗਾ ਆਗਾ  
 ਆਗਾ ਆਗਾ ਆਗਾ ਆਗਾ  
 ਆਗਾ ਆਗਾ ਆਗਾ ਆਗਾ  
 ਆਗਾ ਆਗਾ ਆਗਾ ਆਗਾ ॥

ਮਸਿਹਾ ਹੋਂਤੁ ਆਨਿਲ, ਧਮ੍ਹ,  
ਪ੍ਰੇਮਰੁ ਆਗਰੁਮੇ,  
ਮਸਿਹ-ਮੂਖਾ ਸਿਰਿਰੁ ਪਰ  
ਉਮਾਤੁ ਹਰੁ ਰਨ ॥

- ਤਲਾ ਹੋਮਰੁ ਮੈਂਤਿ,  
ਮੀਤ-ਅਰੁਨਰੁ ਆਗੀ,  
ਤੁਮਰੁ ਅਸਿਰੁ ਪਾਮਾਪੁ ਸਿਰਿਰੁ ਮਰੁ।  
ਮੂਰਿਰੁ ਮਮਾਰੁ ਮਮਾ  
ਨਾਮਾ ਵੀਲਿਯਾਰੁ ਮਮਾ,  
ਰਲਮਾ, ਮਰੁ ਰਮ ਰਮਾਰੁ ਅਰਿਰੁ ਮਰੁ ॥

ਮਿਸਿਰੁ-ਮਿਤੁ ਰਨ-ਅਰੁਨਰੁ  
ਰਮਾਰੁ ਅਰਿਰੁ ਰਨ।  
ਮਮਾਰੁ ਮਮਾਰੁ ਮਮਾਰੁ ਮਿਸਿਰੁ  
ਮਮਾਰੁ ਮਮਾਰੁ ਮਮਾਰੁ ਰਨ ॥

ਮਿਸਿਰੁ ਮਮਾਰੁ ਮਮਾਰੁ  
ਮਮਾਰੁ ਮਮਾਰੁ ਮਮਾਰੁ  
ਮਮਾਰੁ ਮਮਾਰੁ ਮਮਾਰੁ  
ਮਮਾਰੁ ਮਮਾਰੁ ਮਮਾਰੁ ॥

મીઠા મિત્રે જોવાર ગાવી નામિલે ભાર રમીત  
અમર આદિ જોવાર જામિ ભોજન માટે જામિત ॥

જોવાર આમાર અમારે આત્મ  
ભોજન માટે ભાર પૂરત  
જામિ, ગભા મિત્ર, ધાર ભાર જાત,  
પૂરત પૂરત પૂરત વિધા પૂરત ॥

ભાર ભોજન ભોજન એ ધારમા  
મિત્રિત પ્રતિભામાં  
મિત્રિત ભાર મિત્રિત મિત્ર  
જી ભાર મિત્ર ભાર ॥

ભાર ભાર મિત્રિત ભાર ભાર  
ભાર ભાર ભાર ભાર ભાર ॥

ગભા ભાર ભાર ભાર ભાર-મિત્રિત,  
આમાર પૂરત ભાર "આમાર ભાર" ॥

મિત્ર પ્રમાણ મિત્રિત ભાર  
મિત્રિત ભાર ભાર ભાર  
ભાર ભાર ભાર મિત્રિત ભાર  
ભાર મિત્રિત આભાર ભાર ॥



ਸਿਰਿ ਦੁਖਾ ਤੁਧਿਯਾਰ  
ਪ੍ਰਥਮ ਪਦ ਮਾਧਰ ਅਧਾਰ ॥

ਪ੍ਰਥਮ ਪਦ ਮਾਧਰ ਅਧਾਰ  
ਕਾਧਰ ਪਦ ਮਾਧਰ ਅਧਾਰ ॥

ਤੁਧਿ ਮਾਧਰ ਅਧਾਰ ਅਧਾਰ  
ਕਾਧਰ ਮਾਧਰ ਅਧਾਰ ॥

ਭਾਗ ਭਾਗ, "ਕਾਧਰ  
ਮਾਧਰ,

ਭਾਗੀ ਪਦ  
ਭਾਗ ਮਾਧਰ

ਪਾਧਰ ਕਾਧਰ  
ਕਾਧਰ ਮਾਧਰ

ਕਾਧਰ ਮਾਧਰ  
ਕਾਧਰ ਮਾਧਰ,

ਕਾਧਰ ਮਾਧਰ  
ਕਾਧਰ ਮਾਧਰ

ਕਾਧਰ ਮਾਧਰ  
ਕਾਧਰ ਮਾਧਰ ॥"

હજામા ભેદ માધ પ્રજાલેખ ભાવ, —  
 સર્જા ના રીતે પૂજાપૂજા ભાવિ  
 ભાવ માધ આરંભના ॥

ભાવલેખ, પ્રિય, દુઃખ દિવે  
 માનિ તુલ્ય જાનિ વિ ।  
 સર્જન જગત્ ભાવિ વિ અભિમાનિની ॥

ભાવિ, ભાવલેખ ભાવિ, આપવ ભાવ જાનિ,  
 તુલ્ય તુલ્ય ભાવિ વિ વિદ્યમાનિની ॥

પૂજાપૂજા ભાવિ આપવ દિવિ ભાવિ  
 પૂજાપૂજા આપવ તુલ્ય !  
 પૂજાપૂજા ભાવિ આપવ ભાવિ  
 વિદ્યમાન ભાવિ ભાવિ ॥

Leave out my name from the gift  
if it be a burden  
but keep my song.

Memory, the priestess,  
Kills the present  
and offers its heart to the shrine  
of the dead past.

My mind starts up at some flash on the flow  
of its thoughts  
like a brook at a sudden liquid notes  
of its own  
that is never repeated.

In the mountain, stillness surges up  
to explore its own height;  
in the lake movement stands still  
to contemplate its own depth.

The departing night's one kiss  
on the closed eyes of morning  
glows in the star of dawn.

2  
The lonely light of the sky comes through  
the window  
and borrows the music of joy and sadness  
from my life.

Sorrow that has lost its memory  
is like the dumb dark hours  
that have no bird songs  
but only the cricket's chirp.

Bigotry tries <sup>to keep</sup> truth safe in its hand  
with a grip that kills it.

God seeks comrades and claims love,  
the Devil seeks slaves and claims obedience.

The soil in return for her service  
keeps the tree tied to her  
the sky leaves it free.

The immortal, like a jewel,  
does not boast of a large surface in years  
but of a shining point in a moment.

The child ever dwells in the mystery  
of an ageless time  
unobscured by the dust of history.

There is a light laughter in the steps of creation  
that carries it swiftly across time.

When peace is active sweeping its dirt  
it is storm.

The breeze whispers to the lotus:

"What is thy secret?"

"It is myself" says the lotus,

"steal it and I disappear."

The freedom of the wind and the bondage  
of the stem

join hands in the dance  
of swaying branches.

The jasmine's whispering of love to the sun  
is her flowers.

Gods, tired of paradise, envy man.

The tyrant claims freedom to Kill freedom  
and yet to Keep it for himself.

Unimpassioned benevolence  
insults the taste of the tongue,  
only pitying the stomach's need.

The night's loneliness is maintained  
by the silent multitude of stars.

My heart today smiles at its past night of tears  
like a wet tree glistening in the sun  
after rain is over.

Life's errors cry for the merciful beauty  
that can modulate their isolation  
into a harmony with the whole.

They expect thanks for the banished rest  
because their cage is shapely and secure.

In my love I pay my endless debt to thee  
for what thou art.

The bottom of the pond, from its dark,  
sends up its lyrics in lilies,  
and the sun says, they are good.

Your calumny against the great is infamous,  
it hurts yourself;  
against the small it is mean,  
for it hurts the victim.

The muscle that has a doubt of its wisdom  
throttles the voice that would cry.

Mother with her ancient trees  
points to the sky in endless wonder.

My self's burden is lightened  
when I laugh at myself.

The weak can be terrible  
because he furiously tries to appear strong.

Realism boasts of its burden of sands  
and forgets its loss in the current.

I decorate with futile fancies my idle moments  
and see them float away in the air  
like derelict clouds with their cargo of colors  
drifting from somewhere to no destination.

The Devil's wares are expensive,  
God's gifts are without price.

He owns the world who knows its law,  
he who feels its truth loves it.

Forests, the clouds of earth,  
hold up to the sky their silence,  
and clouds from above come down  
in resonant showers.

The darkness of night, like pain,  
is dumb,  
and darkness of dawn, like peace,  
is silent.

Pride engraves his poems in stores,  
love hides them in flowers.



The obsequious brush cartails truth  
in deference to the canvas which is narrow.

The hill in its longing for the far away sky  
wishes to be like the cloud  
with its endless urge of seeking.

To justify their own spilling of ink  
they spell the day as night.

Profit laughs at goodness  
when the good is profitable.

It is easy to make faces at the sun;  
he is exposed by his own light.

History slowly smothers its truth  
but hastily struggles to revive it  
in the terrible penance of pain.

Blatant Beauty knows to say, "Enough,"  
barbarism clamours for still more.

God loves to see in me not his servant  
but himself who serves all.

The morning lamp on the lamp post  
mockingly challenges the sun  
with the light it has borrowed from him.

I am able to love my God  
because he gives me freedom to deny him.

Wealth is the burden of bigness,  
wellfare the fullness of being.

Between the shores of Me and Thee  
there is the loud ocean, my own surging self,  
which I long to cross.

The right to possess foolishly boasts  
of its right to enjoy.

The rose is a great deal more  
than a blushing apology for its thorn.

To carry the burden of the instrument  
count the cost of its material,  
and never to know that it is for music  
is the tragedy of life's deafness.

The mountain fir keeps hidden  
the memory of its struggle with the storm  
murmuring in its roosting rough  
a hymn of grace.

God honoured me with his justice  
when I was rebellious  
he ignored me when I was languid

The man proud of his seat  
thinks that he has the sea  
laded into his private boat

~~Life~~ Life sends up in the des of god  
its silent hymn of praise to the unknown  
Light

True end is not in the reaching<sup>g</sup> the limit  
but in a completion which is limited.

Let thy touch thrill my life's strings  
and make the music thine and mine.

The inner world reared in my life,  
like a fruit matured in sun and shower,  
in joy and sorrow,  
will drop into the darkness of the original soil  
for some further course of creation.

Form is in Matter, rhythm in Force,  
meaning in the Person.

There are seekers of wisdom and seekers  
of wealth,  
but I seek thy company  
so that I may sing.

Like the tree its leaves, I scatter my speech  
on the dust.  
Let my words unuttered flower in thy silence.

My faith in truth, my vision of the perfect,  
help thee, Master, in thy creation.

વિશ્વભ્રમણ કરીને પાશુપત મથે આત્માના કાર,  
 આમાર આકર હયા જાણ્યું છે.  
 ૧૬ કનક નાભિ ચિહ્નને મારે આંખે મજા છે, માત્ર  
 આમાર આકર કનક અંધિ છે માત્ર ॥

The shade of my tree is for passers by,  
 its fruit for the one for whom I wait.

જોઈ પાર જોઈ શકે છે, આંખે માત્ર માત્ર  
 કનક મૂલ્ય મજા છે વિગત.  
 ૧૬ કનક નાભિ નાભીની રક્ત ના શર  
 મારે માત્ર જ છે અમારું ॥

The fire restrained in the tree fashions flowers.  
 Released from bonds, the shameless flame  
 dies in barren ashes.

કાચ સૂચક-કેવળ ૧૬ કનક  
 આમાર આમાર મજા છે વિગત ॥

The sea smites his own barren breast  
 because he has no flowers to offer to the moon.

ભ્રમણ કરીને ભ્રમણ કરીને અંધિ વિગત  
 ભ્રમણ કરીને જ છે માત્ર અંધિ વિગત.  
 To the blind pen the hand that writes is unreal,  
 its writing unmeaning.

ମନ୍ଦ ଧର୍ମ ବିକାର ଯେ ଯଥାର୍ଥରେ ମନେ ।  
 ସର୍ବୋତ୍କୃଷ୍ଟ ଧର୍ମ ଯେ ଯଥାର୍ଥରେ ମନେ ।

You ready to blame the bad,  
 too reluctant to praise the good.

ଆମେ ଯେ ଆମେ ଧର୍ମ  
 ଧର୍ମ ବିକାର ଧର୍ମ,  
 ବିକାର ଧର୍ମ ଧର୍ମ ଧର୍ମ

ଧର୍ମ ବିକାର ଧର୍ମ ॥  
 The sky sets no snare to capture the moon,  
 it is his own freedom which binds him.

ଧର୍ମ ଆମେ ଧର୍ମ ଧର୍ମ ଧର୍ମ  
 ଧର୍ମ ବିକାର ଧର୍ମ ଧର୍ମ ଧର୍ମ ॥

The light that fills the sky  
 seeks its limit in a dewdrop on the grass.

ଧର୍ମ ଆମେ ବିକାର ଧର୍ମ ଧର୍ମ  
 ଧର୍ମ ବିକାର ଧର୍ମ ଧର୍ମ ଧର୍ମ ?

The razor blade is proud of its keenness  
 when it snubs at the sun.

All the delights that I have felt  
in life's fruits and flowers  
let me offer to thee  
at the end of the feast  
in a perfect unity of love.

Some have thought deep  
and explored the meaning of thy truth,  
and they are great;  
I have listened to catch the music of thy play  
and I am glad.

The lotus offers its beauty to the heaven,  
the grass its service to the earth.

The sun's Kiss mellow the miserliness  
of the green fruit clinging to its stem  
into an utter surrender.

Mistakes live in the neighbourhood of truth  
and therefore delude us.

Day with its glare of curiosity  
makes the stars disappear.





Emancipation from the bondage of the soil  
is no freedom <sup>for</sup> ~~from~~ the tree.

The tapestry of life's story is woven  
by the joining and breaking of the threads  
of life's ties.

Those thoughts of mine that soar  
free in the air  
come to perch upon my songs.

My soul tonight loses itself  
in the silent heart of a tree  
standing alone among the whispers  
of immensity.

Pearl shells cast up by the sea  
on death's barren beach —  
a magnificent wastefulness  
of creative life.

My life has its play of colours through thwarted hopes  
and gains incomplete  
like the road that has its music through its gaps.

Let not my thanks to thee rob my silence  
of its fuller homage.

Life's aspiration comes in the guise of a child.

The fruit that I have gained for ever  
is that which has been accepted by love.

In my life's garden my wealth has been  
of shadows and lights  
that are never gathered and stored.

Light is young, the ancient light,  
shadows are of the moment,  
They are born old.

My songs are to sing that I have loved by singing.

Men form constellations with stars that are their  
own stories ~~arising~~  
grown from the fiery mist of their passions,  
power and dreams,  
edging into living spheres.

এক এক সূর্য্যাস্ত নাই অসমুদ্র,  
দূর দেশ দিলে হয় একই আবহু ॥

The one without second is emptiness,  
The other one makes it true.

প্রভাদে মায়া যদি একই জাহত তব,  
অন্য আকৃতি লয়ে ভেদবুদ্ধি হবে।

Try to break the difference and it is multiplied.  
By acknowledging it unity is gained.

মৃত্যু একই এক, প্রাণবীৰ্য্য নান্য,  
দেহা মনোহর হবে একই একমাত্র।

The spirit of death is one, the spirit of life  
is many.

When God is dead religion becomes one.

অন্ধ একই দেখে একাকার বস্তু,  
আলোক একই দেখে নানাদিক বস্তু ॥

Darkness smothers the one into uniformity.  
Light reveals the one in its multifariousness.

কোন দৃষ্টিকার আলো নই থাকে বস্তু  
সেই এখন কঁপে দেখে, আলো নই নই ॥

અસાધ્ય જાણી તપાસ આપવાઈ મારી,  
મિત્રુનું સુકુત તપાસ મિત્રુનું કુતરું ॥

પ્રાણેણે મૃત્યુનું હાથ મૂચું કાઢે દાન,  
પ્રાણ દિપા બાંધે કાઢે પાદા મૂચુલાન ॥

દમ એવા નાઈ એવા મર કિહુ લોંછા,  
મરુ દૂમ એવા મુરુ કોંછેગાહ લોંછા ॥

કર્મલે પાદાલે લેખિ મરે આપિ હમ્પા,  
કાલે નાપે ગરુ કલે અમૂલે ૨ માર્યા ॥

આપણે આપવા લેવે રહ્યા પદિ દાર  
વિજાણે વિજાણે કાલે નર કલે કલ ॥

પ્રેમાલે ને કલિપાલે રૂપમાલે અર્ધ  
લેખ દૂલે રામ રામ લેખે કલે રૂઝે ॥

દુઃખાલે મલે પ્રેમ કલે નિરોધાન  
કાળાલે આપણે રામે કલિ લેખે કલિ ॥

અમૃત ને મરુ, કલે નાઈ નરિમાન,  
મૃત્યુ કાલે નિતુ નિતુ કલિલે પ્રમાન ॥

লেখন বাংলা ১৩৩৭ সনে যুরোপে মুদ্রিত ও ১৩৩৪ সালে এ দেশে গ্রন্থাকারে প্রকাশিত হয়। এই গ্রন্থ সম্বন্ধে রবীন্দ্রনাথ প্রবাসীতে যে প্রবন্ধ প্রকাশ করেন তাহা এ স্থলে সংকলিত হইল।—

### ‘লেখন’

যখন চীনে জাপানে গিয়েছিলেম প্রায় প্রতিদিনই স্বাক্ষরলিপির দাবি মেটাতে হত। কাগজে, রেশমের কাপড়ে, পাখায় অনেক লিখতে হয়েছে। সেখানে তারা আমার বাংলা লেখাই চেয়েছিল, কারণ বাংলাতে এক দিকে আমার, আবার আর-এক দিকে সমস্ত বাঙালী জাতিরই স্বাক্ষর। এমনি করে যখন-তখন পথে-ঘাটে যেখানে-সেখানে দু-চার লাইন কবিতা লেখা আমার অভ্যাস হয়ে গিয়েছিল। এই লেখাতে আমি আনন্দও পেতুম। দু-চারটি বাক্যের মধ্যে এক-একটি ভাবকে নিবিষ্ট করে দিয়ে তার-যে-একটি বাহুল্যবর্জিত রূপ প্রকাশ পেত তা আমার কাছে বড়ো লেখার চেয়ে অনেক সময় আরো বেশি আদর পেয়েছে। আমার নিজের বিশ্বাস বড়ো বড়ো কবিতা পড়া আমাদের অভ্যাস বলেই কবিতার আয়তন কম হলে তাকে কবিতা বলে উপলব্ধি করতে আমাদের বাধে। অতিভোজনে যারা অভ্যস্ত, জঠরের সমস্ত জায়গাটা বোকাই না হলে আহারের আনন্দ তাদের অসম্পূর্ণ থাকে; আহার্যের শ্রেষ্ঠতা তাদের কাছে খাটো হয়ে যায় আহারের পরিমাণ পরিমিত হওয়াতেই। আমাদের দেশে পাঠকদের মধ্যে আয়তনের উপাসক অনেক আছে— সাহিত্য সম্বন্ধেও তারা বলে : নাগ্নে সুখমস্তি। নাট্য সম্বন্ধেও তারা রাত্রি তিনটে পর্যন্ত অভিনয় দেখার দ্বারা টিকিট কেনার সার্থকতা বিচার করে।

জাপানে ছোটো কাব্যের অমর্যাদা একেবারেই নেই। ছোটোর মধ্যে বড়োকে দেখতে পাওয়ার সাধনা তাদের— কেননা, তারা জাত-আর্টিস্ট। সৌন্দর্য-বস্তুকে তারা গজের মাপে বা সেরের ওজনে হিসাব করবার কথা মনেই করতে পারে না। সেই জন্যে জাপানে যখন আমার কাছে কেউ কবিতা দাবি করেছে, দুটি-চারটি লাইন দিতে আমি কুণ্ঠিত হই নি। তার কিছুকাল পূর্বেই আমি যখন বাংলাদেশে গীতাঞ্জলি প্রভৃতি গান লিখছিলুম, তখন আমার অনেক পাঠকই লাইন গণনা করে আমার শক্তির কার্পণ্যে হতাশ হয়েছিলেন— এখনো সে দলের লোকের অভাব নেই।

এইরকম ছোটো ছোটো লেখার একবার আমার কলম যখন রস পেতে লাগল তখন আমি অনুরোধ নিরপেক্ষ হয়েও খাতা টেনে নিয়ে আপন মনে যা-তা লিখেছি এবং সেই সঙ্গে পাঠকদের মন ঠাণ্ডা করবার জন্যে বিনয় করে বলেছি—

আমার লিখন কুটে পথধারে

কপেক কালের কুলে,

চলিতে চলিতে দেখে যারা তারে

চলিতে চলিতে হুলে।

কিন্তু ভেবে দেখতে গেলে এটা ক্ষণিক কালের ফুলের দোষ নয়, চলতে চলতে দেখারই দোষ। যে জিনিষটা বহরে বড়ো নয় তাকে আমরা দাঁড়িয়ে দেখি নে, যদি দেখতুম তবে মেঠো ফুল দেখে খুশি হলেও লজ্জার কারণ থাকত না। তার চেয়ে কুমড়োফুল যে রূপে শ্রেষ্ঠ তা নাও হতে পারে।

গেলবারে যখন ইটালিতে গিয়েছিলুম, তখন স্বাক্ষরলিপি খাতায় অনেক লিখতে হয়েছিল। লেখা যাঁরা চেয়েছিলেন তাঁদের অনেকেরই ছিল ইংরেজি লেখারই দাবি। এবারেও লিখতে লিখতে কতক তাঁদের খাতায় কতক আমার নিজের খাতায় অনেকগুলি ওইরকম ছোটো ছোটো লেখা জমা হয়ে উঠল। ওইরকম অনেক সময়ই অনুরোধের খাতিরে লেখা শুরু হয়, তার পরে এক চপে গেলে আর অনুরোধের দরকার থাকে না।

জার্মানিতে গিয়ে দেখা গেল, এক উপায় বেরিয়েছে তাতে হাতের অক্ষর থেকেই ছাপানো চলে। বিশেষ কালী দিয়ে লিখতে হয় এলুমিনিয়ামের পাতের উপরে, তার থেকে বিশেষ ছাপার যন্ত্রে ছাপিয়ে নিলেই কম্পোজিটারের শরণাপন্ন হবার দরকার হয় না।

তখন ভাবলেম, ছোটো লেখাকে যাঁরা সাহিত্য হিসাবে অনাদর করেন তাঁরা কবির স্বাক্ষর হিসাবে হয়তো সেগুলোকে গ্রহণ করতেও পারেন। তখন শরীর যথেষ্ট অসুস্থ, সেই কারণে সময় যথেষ্ট হাতে ছিল, সেই সুযোগে ইংরেজি বাংলা এই ছটকো লেখাগুলি এলুমিনিয়াম পাতের উপর লিপিবদ্ধ করতে বসলুম।

ইতিমধ্যে ঘটনাক্রমে আমার কোনো তরুণ বন্ধু বললেন, ‘আপনার কিছুকাল পূর্বকার লেখা কয়েকটি ছোটো ছোটো কবিতা আছে। সেইগুলিকে এই উপলক্ষে যাতে রক্ষা করা হয় এই আমার একান্ত অনুরোধ।’

আমার ভোলবার শক্তি অসামান্য এবং নিজের পূর্বের লেখার প্রতি প্রায়ই আমার মনে একটা অহেতুক বিরাগ জন্মায়। এই জন্যই তরুণ লেখকরা সাহিত্যিক পদবী থেকে আমাকে যখন বরখাস্ত করবার জন্যে কানাকানি করতে থাকেন তখন আমার মন আমাকে পরামর্শ দেয় যে, ‘আগেভাগে নিজেই তুমি মানে মানে রেজিগনেশন-পত্র পাঠিয়ে যৎসামান্য কিছু পেন্সনের দাবি রেখে দাও।’ এটা যে সম্ভব হয় তার কারণ আমার পূর্বকার লেখাগুলো আমি যে পরিমাণে ভুলি সেই পরিমাণেই মনে হয় তারা ভোলবারই যোগ্য।

তাই প্রস্তুত হয়েছিলেম, আমার বন্ধু পুরোনো ইতিহাসের ক্ষেত্র থেকে উদ্ধৃত্ত পত্র-কিছু সংগ্রহ করে আনবেন আবার তাদেরকে পুরোনোর তমিষ্রলোকে বৈতরণী পার করে ফেরত পাঠাব।

ওটিপাঁচেক ছোটো কবিতা তিনি আমার সম্মুখে উপস্থিত করলেন। আমি বললেম ‘কিছুতেই মনে পড়বে না এগুলি আমার লেখা’, তিনি জোর করেই বললেন, ‘কোনো সংশয় নেই।’

আমার রচনা সম্বন্ধে আমার নিজের সাক্ষ্যকে সর্বদাই অবজ্ঞা করা হয়। আমার পানে আমি সুর দিয়ে থাকি। যাকে হাতের কাছে পাই তাকে সেই সদ্যোজাত সুর শিখিয়ে

সেই তখন থেকে সে গানের সুরগুলি সম্বন্ধে সম্পূর্ণ দায়িত্ব আমার ছাত্রের। তার পর আমি যদি গাইতে যাই তারা এ কথা বলতে সংকোচমাত্র করে না যে, আমি ভুল করছি। এ সম্বন্ধে তাদের শাসন আমাকে বারবার স্বীকার করে নিতে হয়।

কবিতা কয়টি যে আমারই সেও আমি স্বীকার করে নিলেম। পড়ে বিশেষ তৃপ্তি বোধ হল— মনে হল ভালোই লিখেছি। বিশ্বরণশক্তির প্রবলতা-বশত নিজের কবিতা থেকে নিজের মন যখন দূরে সরে যায় তখন সেই কবিতাকে অপর সাধারণ পাঠকের মতোই নিরাসক্তভাবে আমি প্রশংসা এবং নিন্দাও করে থাকি। নিজের পুরোনো লেখা নিয়ে বিষ্ময় বোধ করতে বা স্বীকার করতে আমার সংকোচ হয় না— কেননা, তার সম্বন্ধে আমার অহমিকার ধার ক্ষয় হয়ে যায়। পড়ে দেখলাম—

তো তুমি ভুলিতে মোর হল না যে মতি,  
এ জগতে কারো তাহে নাই কোনো ক্ষতি।  
আমি তাহে দীন নাহি, তুমি নহ স্বর্গী,  
দেবতার অংশ তাও পাইবেন তিনি।

নিজের লেখা জেনেও আমাকে স্বীকার করতে হল যে, ছোটোর মধ্যে এই কবিতাটি সম্পূর্ণ ভরে উঠেছে। পেটুকচিস্ত পাঠকের পেট ভরাবার জন্যে একে পঁচিশ-ত্রিশ লাইন পর্যন্ত বাড়িয়ে তোলা যেতে পারত— এমন-কি, একে বড়ো আকারে লেখাই এর চেয়ে হত সহজ। কিন্তু লোভে পড়ে একে বাড়াতে গেলেই একে কমানো হত। তাই নিজের অনুরূপ কবিত্বের প্রশংসাই করলেম।

তার পরে আর-একটা কবিতা—

তোর হতে নীলাকাশ ঢাকে কালো মেঘে,  
ভিজে ভিজে এলোমেলা বায়ু বহে বেগে।  
কিছুই নাহি যে হার এ বুকের কাছে—  
যা-কিছু আকাশে আর বাতাসেতে আছে।

আবার বললেম, শাবাশ! হৃদয়ের ভিতরকার শূন্যতা বাইরের আকাশ-বাতাস পরিপূর্ণ করে হাহাকার করে উঠেছে এ কথাটা এত সহজে এমন সম্পূর্ণ করে বাংলা সহিত্যে আর কে বলেছে? ওর উপরে আর একটি কথাও যোগ করবার জো নেই। ক্ষীণদৃষ্টি পাঠক এতটুকু ছোটো কবিতার সৌন্দর্য দেখতে পাবে না জেনেও আমি যে নিজের লেখনীকে সংযত করেছিলাম এজন্যে নিজেকে মনে মনে বলতে হল, ধন্য!

তার পরে আর-একটি কবিতা—

আকাশে গহন মেঘে গভীর গর্জন,  
ব্রাবণের ধারা পাতে প্রাবিত ভুবন।

কেন এতটুকু নামে সোহাগের ভরে  
ডাকিলে আমারে তুমি ? পূর্ণ নাম ধরে  
আজি ডাকিবার দিন, এহেন সময়  
শরম সোহাগ হাসি কৌতুকেব নয় ।  
আঁধার অন্ধর পৃথ্বী পথচিহ্নহীন,  
এল চিরজীবনের পরিচয়-দিন ।

‘মানসী’ লেখবার যুগে— সে আভকের কথা নয়— এই ভাবের দুই একটা  
কবিতা লিখেছিলেন বলে মনে পড়ে । কিন্তু কোন্ অগ্নিমসিদ্ধি দ্বারা ভাবটি তনু আকারেই  
সম্পূর্ণ হয়ে প্রকাশ পেয়েছে !

আর-একটি ছোটো কবিতা—

ঘড়, তুমি দিবেছ যে ভার  
যদি তাহা মাথা হতে  
এই জীবনের গণ্ডে  
নামাইয়া রাখি বার বার  
জেনো তা বিদ্রোহ নয়,  
ক্ষীণ শ্রান্ত এ হৃদয়,  
বলহীন পলান আমার ।

লেখাটি একেবারেই নিরাভরণ বলেই এর ভিতরকার বেদনা যেন বৃষ্টিক্রান্ত  
জুইফুলের মতো ফুটে উঠেছে ।

আমি বিশেষ তৃপ্তি এবং গর্বের সঙ্গেই এই কবিতা কয়টি এলুমিনিয়ামের পাতের  
উপর স্বহস্তে নকল করে নিলেম । যথাসময়ে আমার অন্যান্য কবিতিকার সঙ্গে এ-কয়টিও  
আমার লেখন-নামধারী গ্রন্থে প্রকাশিত হয়ে গেল ।

আজ প্রায় মাস-খানেক পূর্বে কল্যাণীয়া শ্রীমতী প্রিয়দাদেবীর কাছে ‘লেখন’  
একখণ্ড পাঠিয়ে দিয়েছিলেন । তিনি যে পত্র লিখেছেন সেটা উদ্ধৃত করে দিই—

‘লেখন’ পড়লাম । এর কতকগুলি ছোটো ছোটো কবিতা বড়ো চমৎকার—  
দু-চার ছত্রে সম্পূর্ণ । কিন্তু যেন এক-একটি সুসংস্কৃত মণি, আলো ঠিকরে পড়ছে । লেখনে  
দেখলাম ২৩ এর পৃষ্ঠায় আমার চারটি কবিতা সম্পূর্ণ গেছে, আর একটির প্রথম দু  
লাইন ।’ যথা—

১. তোমারে তুলিতে মোর হল নাকো মতি
২. ভোর হতে নীলাকাশ ঢাকা ঘন মেঘে



৩. আকাশে গহন মেঘে গভীর গর্জন

৪. প্রভু তুমি দিয়েছ বে ভার

৫. ওধু এইটুকু সুখ অতি সুকুমার (প্রথম দু লাইন)<sup>১</sup>

সবগুলিই ‘পত্রলেখা’য় ছাপা হয়ে গিয়েছে, ১৯০৮ সালে। তবে এ নিয়ে আর কাউকে যেন কিছু বলেবেন না।

তখন আমার মনে পড়ল যখন ‘পত্রলেখা’র পাণ্ডুলিপি প্রথম আমি পড়ে দেখি তখন প্রিয়স্বদার বিরলভূষণ বাহুল্যবর্জিত কবিতার আমি যথেষ্ট সাধুবাদ দিয়েছি। বোধ করি, সেই কারণেই কবিতাগুলি যথোচিত সম্মান লাভ করে নি। অন্তত ‘পত্রলেখা’র কয়েকটি কবিতা সম্বন্ধে আমার ভ্রাতৃত্বকে<sup>২</sup> নিজের হাতের অক্ষর<sup>৩</sup> গ্রামার আপন রচনার মধ্যে স্থান দিয়ে তাঁর কবিতার প্রতি সমাদর প্রকাশ করতে পেরেছি বলে খুশি হলেম।

—রবীন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুর। প্রবাসী, কার্তিক ১৩৩৫

### অশ্বশতবর্ষে ‘লেখন’ বিশ্বভারতীর সংস্করণে বিশ্বভারতীর গ্রন্থবিভাগের প্রসঙ্গকথা

এই প্রসঙ্গে এ কথা উল্লেখ করা যাইতে পারে যে, বস্তুতঃ ‘চীনে জাপানে’ ‘এই লেখনগুলি শুরু’ হয় নাই, চীনে জাপানে যাইবার পূর্বেঃ কবিকে ‘স্বাক্ষরলিপির দাবি’ বহুবার মিটাইতে হইয়াছে, তাহা ছাড়া লেখনের সব কবিতাই এইরূপ অন্যের দাবির বশে রচিত হয় নাই। লেখনের শেষাংশে, ‘একা একা শূন্যমাত্র নাই অবলম্ব’ হইতে শেষ পর্যন্ত, অধিকাংশ কবিতা ১৯১২-১৩ সালে বিদেশভ্রমণের সময় জাহাজে, আরোগ্যশালায়, নানা স্থানে রচিত। এই কবিতাগুলি ‘দ্বিপদী’ নামে ১৩২০ সালের প্রবাসীতে মুদ্রিত।

১৩৩৪ সালে লেখন প্রকাশিত হইবার পরেও, উহার অনেকগুলি খুচরা পৃষ্ঠা উদ্ভূত থাকে। রবীন্দ্রনাথের হস্তাক্ষরে মুদ্রিত গ্রন্থ অস্বাভাবিক অসম্পূর্ণ হইলেও আদরণীয় হইবে মনে করিয়া, ১৩৫৮ সালের ৭ই পৌষে শান্তিনিকেতন বিদ্যালয়ের পঞ্চাশদ্বর্ষপূর্তি উৎসব উপলক্ষে অসম্পূর্ণ লেখনের ঐরূপ কতকগুলি কপি পুনঃপ্রচারিত হয়।

রবীন্দ্রশতবর্ষপূর্তি উৎসব উপলক্ষে বর্তমানে লেখন গ্রন্থের এই নূতন সংস্করণ প্রকাশিত হইল। কলিকাতা স্কুল অব প্রিন্টিং টেকনোলজির কর্তৃপক্ষ অনুগ্রহপূর্বক বিনামূল্যে এই গ্রন্থের প্রতিলিপি প্রস্তুত ও মুদ্রণের ব্যবস্থা করিয়া দিয়াছেন, তাহারই ফলে সুলভ মূল্যে এই সংস্করণ প্রচার করা সম্ভবপর হইল; এই আনুকূল্য ও সহযোগিতার জন্য বিশ্বভারতী উক্ত বিদ্যালয়ের কর্তৃপক্ষ, ছাত্রবৃন্দ ও শিক্ষকগণের নিকট কৃতজ্ঞ।

<sup>১</sup>এই পাঁচটি কবিতাই রবীন্দ্ররচনাবলীর চতুর্দশ খণ্ডে সংকলিত ‘লেখন’ এবং

লেখন কাব্যের বর্তমান সংস্করণ ইহাতে বর্জিত। কবিতা-কয়টি ১৩০৯ সনের বঙ্গদর্শনে লেখক বা লেখিকার নাম বাদ দিয়াই মুদ্রিত হয়।

‘প্রিয়দাদেবীর পত্রলেখা কাব্যের (পৃ ৬১) ‘বিসর্জন’ কবিতা—

এতটুকু ফণিকের সুখ সুকুমার  
ভারি তরে কি আগ্রহ কত হাহাকার ?  
সকলি গিয়াছে চলে, অত টুকু হাষ  
অবোধ শিশুর মত রেখনা লুকাষ  
প্রাণপণে কীপবল মূঠির ভিতরে—  
হাত খুলে সমুখেতে দাও তুলে ধরে  
নিষ্ঠুর নিয়তি ধীরে প্রশান্ত হৃদয়ে  
সর্ব অবশেষ টুকু যাক কেড়ে লয়ে।

রবীন্দ্রনাথ-সম্পাদিত ১৩০৯ আশ্বিন বঙ্গদর্শন পত্রে (পৃ ৩২৫) মুদ্রিত, উহার রূপান্তরিত পাঠ—

ওধু এইটুকু সুখ, অতি সুকুমার,  
ভারি তরে কি আগ্রহ, কত হাহাকার।  
সকলি গেছে ত চলে, এইটুকু বাকি,  
অবোধ শিশুর মত রাবিষো না ঢাকি’।  
স্থির হয়ে সহ্য কর পরিপূর্ণ ক্ষতি,  
শেষটুকু নিয়ে যাক নিষ্ঠুর নিয়তি।

লেখন কাব্যের অন্য ধাতুপত্রে অনুলেখন-সময়ে বঙ্গদর্শনে-মুদ্রিত ‘বিসর্জন’ কবিতারও মাঝের দুটি ছত্র ত্যাগ করা হয়, ইহা ছাড়া ‘কি’ স্থানে ‘কী’, ‘কর’ স্থানে ‘করো’ প্রভৃতি আক্ষরিক পরিবর্তনও ছিল ইহা বলাই বাহুল্য।

প্রসঙ্গক্রমে বলা চলে, পত্রলেখা ও লেখনের তুলনা করিলে বর্তমান তালিকার প্রথম, তৃতীয় এবং চতুর্থ কবিতার পরিবর্তন অতি অল্পই দেখা যায়; কিন্তু পঞ্চম কবিতার ন্যায় বিশেষভাবে পরিবর্তিত হয় দ্বিতীয় কবিতাটি, পত্রলেখার ছয়-ছত্র ইহাতে (পৃ ১৯) বঙ্গদর্শনে (কার্তিক ১৩০৯) বা লেখনে মাঝের দুইটি ছত্র বর্জিত।

\* ভ্রান্তিতে?

\*\*প্রথম সুরঞ্জনা প্রকাশনীর সংস্করণে বিশ্বজারতীর রবীন্দ্রজন্মশতবার্ষিক সংস্করণকেই অনুসরণ করা হয়।

—প্রকাশিকা

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